

A Fawcett Publication

# HOPALONG CASSIDY

JULY

10¢

NO. 21

starring  
William Boyd



THE FAMOUS SHERIFF  
BATTLES  
THE ARIZONA KID,  
BADMAN OF THE WEST!

# GILLETTE BIKE TIRE FACTS

YOUR BICYCLE IS A REMARKABLE PIECE OF ENGINEERING. IT CAN CARRY 20 TIMES ITS WEIGHT WITHOUT STRAIN. THIS EXCEPTIONAL STRENGTH IS DUE LARGELY TO THE TRIANGULATED DESIGN OF ITS FRAME. TODAY'S POWERFUL BRIDGES OWE MOST OF THEIR STURDINESS AND STRENGTH TO THIS SAME TRIANGULAR CONSTRUCTION.



THE RUBBER TIRE HAS BECOME ONE OF MODERN INDUSTRY'S HARDEST WORKERS... REMAINS, AFTER ALMOST 60 YEARS, THE KEYNOTE OF COMFORT FOR THE BIKE-RIDER. THE MAKERS OF GILLETTE BIKE TIRES PIONEERED THE FIELD... DEVELOPED AND IMPROVED THEIR TIRES, TO SEE THEM TAKE TOP HONORS FOR LONG WEAR AND SMOOTH, SAFE RIDING.

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IN MOST OF THE WORLD'S MOST IMPORTANT COUNTRIES, THE BICYCLE OUTNUMBERS ANY OTHER VEHICLE ON THE ROADS. THE CONTRIBUTION OF THE BIKE TO HEALTH, TRANSPORTATION AND SPORT, TO PEOPLE EVERYWHERE, ACCOUNTS FOR ITS INTERNATIONAL POPULARITY.

## GILLETTE



## Bicycle Tires

# HOPALONG CASSIDY

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A Fawcett Publication

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HOPALONG CASSIDY

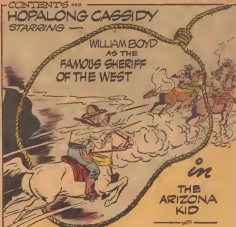
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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

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WILLIAM BOYD  
AS THE  
FAMOUS SHERIFF  
OF THE WEST



in  
THE  
ARIZONA  
KID

DOUBLE BRANDING  
MESQUITE'S MISADVENTURE  
WESTERN JUSTICE

**PLUS - A WALLOPING SHORT STORY  
AND YOUR FAVORITE OLD-TIMER,  
WHITEY WHISKERS.**

HOPALONG CASSIDY is based on the character originated by CLARENCE E. MULFORD  
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# HOPALONG CASSIDY

and the  
ARIZONA  
KID

TREASURE MAP

Starring  
WILLIAM  
BOYD

ARIZONA  
KID

TWIN RIVER  
NEEDS A NEW HOSPITAL, BUT IT IS ALSO DESPERATELY SHORT OF FUNDS! WITH GLAY FARNEY DEAD, THE TREASURE MAP LEFT TO HIM HAS BEEN TURNED OVER TO THE TOWN! IT IS NOW UP TO HOPALONG CASSIDY TO LOCATE THE TREASURE TO PROVIDE THE FUNDS FOR THE HOSPITAL! EVERYONE, INCLUDING HOPALONG, THINKS IT WILL BE AN EASY JOB --- BUT THAT'S BECAUSE NONE OF THEM SUSPECTS THE PRESENCE OF THE SHREWD-SCHEMING, HARD-RIDING, FAST-SHOOTING ARIZONA KID!

MEANWHILE, IN THE NEIGHBORING TOWN OF ARID VALLEY---

IN TWIN RIVER---

GOOD LUCK, HOPALONG!

LOOK--- THE SHERIFF CAUGHT THE ARIZONA KID!

SO WHAT? LOTS OF SHERIFFS HAVE CAUGHT HIM AFORE, BUT NONE'S BIN ABLE TUH HOLD HIM!

JAIL

AS SOON AS I LOCATE THE TREASURE I'LL BRING IT BACK SO WE CAN START BUILDING THE NEW TWIN RIVER HOSPITAL! WE CAN USE ONE SINCE THE OLD ONE BURNED DOWN!

WAL, HE'S NOT GITTIN' AWAY FROM THIS HYAR SHERIFF! I'M NOT EVEN LETTIN' HIM TURN AROUND! I'LL TAKE THOSE GUNS OF YOURN, ARIZONA!



BUT AT THAT SECOND----

OUCH! MUH WRIST!



NOW I RECKON YUH KIN SAY "OUCH, MUH CHIN," TOO!



NICE OF YUH TUH BRING MUH HOSSES BACK WITH ME! MAKES IT A MITE EASIER TUH GIT AWAY!



QUICK! GIT YORE HOSSES! THE DIRTY CRITTER'S GITTIN' AWAY!

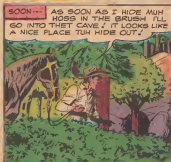


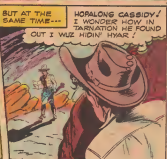
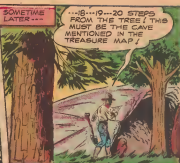
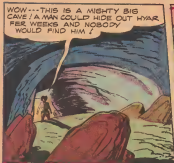
I'M APPOINTIN' YUH ALL SPECIAL DEPUTIES! WE'VE GOT TUH KETCH THET HOMBRE! NOBODY'S LIFE IS SAFE WITH HIM RIDIN' 'ROUND LOOSE!

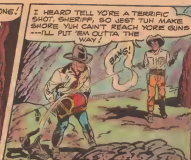


HE'S OUTRID US, BUT WE'LL GIT HIM YET! HE'S HEADIN' FER THE HILLS! FOLLOW ME, MEN!











NOW TUN SIT ON MY HOSS  
AND FIND SOMEONE  
WHO WILL TRADE ME  
COLD CASH FER THIS  
TREASURE CHEST!



MEANWHILE, HOPALONG  
HAS COME TO---

IT'S NO USE! I CAN'T  
BUDGE THIS ROCK!



(GASP)! THE AIR IS  
GETTING MIGHTY THIN  
IN HERE! (GASP) IF I  
DON'T FIND ANOTHER  
WAY OUT OF HERE, I'LL  
SUFFOCATE!



I SHOULD'VE THOUGHT OF THIS  
BEFORE (GASP)! MAYBE THAT TRAP  
DOOR LEADS TO  
ANOTHER  
EXIT!



IT'S A MIGHTY NARROW OPENING,  
BUT IT CAN'T BE WORSE THAN  
STAYIN' HERE!



NO SIGN OF AN EXIT YET, BUT  
MAYBE IT'S AT THE END OF  
THIS DUS-OUT TUNNEL!



BUT AFTER THE ALMOST-SUFFOCATED  
HOPALONG CRAWLS THE ENTIRE LENGTH  
OF THE TUNNEL---



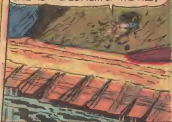
(GASP) THIS  
TUNNEL LED TO A  
DEAD END!

MAYBE THERE'S AN EXIT BEYOND! I WON'T GIVE UP LOOKING (GASP) AS LONG AS I BREATHE!



AND AS HOPALONG DISS----

MUH---THERE WAS AN EXIT AFTER ALL! THE TUNNEL LED FROM THE CAVE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL!



I'M SAVED, BUT I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF FACING THE PEOPLE IN TWIN RIVER WITHOUT THE TREASURE! THEY NEED THAT HOSPITAL AND THEY WERE COUNTING ON THAT TREASURE TO SUPPLY THE FUNDS!



WAIT---LADY LUCK'S WITH ME! HERE COMES THE ARIZONA KID! HE TOOK THE BACK TRAIL DOWN FROM THE CAVE, FIGURING NOBODY WOULD SPOT HIM!



BUT THAT'S WHERE HE MADE HIS MISTAKE!



HOPALONG CASSIDY! I THOUGHT---

PULL UP YOUR HORSE, ARIZONA, YOUR ROBBING DAYS ARE OVER!



TAKE YORE CHOICE, HOPALONG---



# HOPALONG CASSIDY

—YUH KIN EITHER  
HOLD ON TUM ME, OR  
SO AFTER THET TREASURE  
CHEST AFORE IT SINKS  
CUTTA SIGHT  
FOREVER!

AS MUCH AS I'D LIKE TO CAPTURE  
YOU, ARIZONA, THE PEOPLE IN  
TWIN RIVER NEED THE  
HOSPITAL MORE!

SPLASH!

I FISSERED HOPALONG  
WUZ A SENTIMENTAL  
FOOL! SID'AP!

THERE'S THE TREASURE  
CHEST!

ANOTHER FEW SECONDS  
AND IT WOULD'VE SUNK  
TO THE BOTTOM! THEN  
IT WOULD'VE BEEN  
LOST FOREVER!

SPLASH!

THE ARIZONA KID'S  
GONE----

---BUT AS SURE AS I'M SHERIFF OF  
TWIN RIVER, I'LL CATCH UP TO HIM  
SOME DAY!

NOW TO FIND TOPPER  
AND GET BACK TO  
TWIN RIVER!



AND SHORTLY AFTER---

LOOK---  
HYAR---  
COMES  
HOPALONG!

YEAH---AND  
HE'S GOT THE  
TREASURE  
WITH HIM!

SHRIMP  
TWIN RIVER  
COUNTY  
JAIL



HERE IT IS, MESQUITE!  
THERE'S ENOUGH TREASURE  
IN HERE TO BUILD THE  
BEST HOSPITAL  
IN THE  
WEST!

I'LL  
BRING IT  
OVER TUN THE  
MAYOR!



HURRAY FER  
HOPALONG!  
HURRAY  
HOPALONG!



EVERYBODY'S HAPPY, BUT I WON'T BE  
HAPPY TILL I SETTLE A SCORE WITH THE  
ARIZONA KID! I WONDER HOW LONG IT WILL  
BE BEFORE OUR PATHS CROSS AGAIN!



THE ARIZONA KID WILL  
BE BACK, AND MIGHTY  
SOON! LOOK FOR HIS  
RETURN IN A FUTURE  
ISSUE OF HOPALONG  
CASSIDY! ON SALE  
EVERY MONTH, ONLY 10¢!

DO YOU KNOW, CHARLIE,  
WHEN WE STAND NEXT  
TO EACH OTHER  
WE LOOK LIKE  
THE NUMBER '10'.



???

ONE TO NOTHING

HOW DO YOU  
FIGURE THAT?



IT'S  
SIMPLE---

---I'M ONE AND YOU'RE  
NOTHING!



HOPALONG CASSIDY

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# HOPALONG CASSIDY

in THE DOUBLE  
BRANDING

HOLD YOUR FIRE,  
MEN! IT'S HOPALONG  
CASSIDY!

Starring  
WILLIAM  
BOYD



YOU SENT FOR  
ME, MAJOR  
WILKINS?

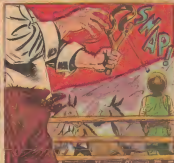
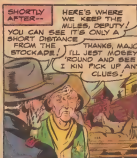
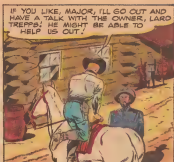
YES, HOPALONG! FOR  
THE THIRD TIME THIS  
MONTH SOMEONE HAS  
RUSTLED OUR ARMY  
MULES!

WHOEVER THAT  
SOMEONE IS, HE  
MUST BE SMUGGLING  
THEM ACROSS THE  
MEXICAN BORDER!

THAT'S JUST IT!  
WE'VE KEPT CARE-  
FUL WATCH OVER  
THE BORDER AND  
NOT A SINGLE MULE  
HAS CROSSED IT IN  
THE PAST MONTH! THOSE  
MULES MUST STILL BE IN  
TWIN RIVER! THAT'S  
WHY I SENT FOR  
YOU---







WHUT THE--- MISTY  
STRONG WIND 'ROUND  
HYAR TUH KNOCK A  
MAN'S HAT OFF!



I RECKON I'D BETTER  
PICK IT UP AFORE ONE OF  
THEM PESKY MULES  
TRAMPLES ON IT!



BUT AS MESQUITE  
BENDS OVER---



THEY TAKES CARE OF HIM!  
THEY SMACK ON THE HEAD  
SHORELY KNOCKED  
HIM OUT!

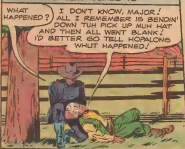


NOW TUH GIT THESE MULES  
AWAY FROM HYAR!



AND WHEN MESQUITE COMES TO---

WHAT  
HAPPENED? I DON'T KNOW, MAJOR!  
ALL I REMEMBER IS BENDIN'  
DOWN TUH PICK UP MUH HAT  
AND THEN ALL WENT BLANK!  
I'D BETTER GO TELL HOPALONG  
WHUT HAPPENED!

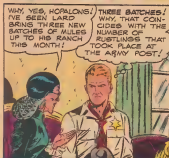


MEANWHILE, AT THE BAR 66----

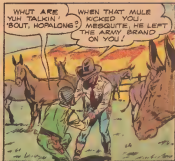
--- SORRY, SHERIFF, BUT I AIN'T  
SEEN A MULE AROUND  
THESE HYAR PARTS  
EXCEPT FER MUH  
OWN! I'D LIKE TUH  
HELP YUH OUT,  
BUT I DON'T  
KNOW A THING!

I DIDN'T  
THINK YOU  
WOULD, LARD,  
BUT THANKS  
ANYWAY!









BUT BEFORE LARD CAN  
PULL THE TRIGGER---

I DON'T BELIEVE IN  
HITTING ANIMALS, BUT  
THIS IS AN EMERGENCY!



AND AS THE ANGRY MULE  
REACTS ----

WHUT  
THE---



I DON'T NEED MY  
GUN TO SETTLE  
YOUR HASH!



NICE GOIN',  
HOPALONG!

YOU TAKE THIS  
CRITTER BACK TO  
THE JAILHOUSE,  
MESQUITE----



---I'M GOING TO RETURN THESE MULES  
TO THE ARMY POST--- WHERE  
THEY BELONG!

Be a **SHARPSHOOTER!** AIM FOR THE TARGET!

1. THE DIAMOND STATE  
IS DELAWARE.  
TRUE ☐ FALSE ☐



2. ROD IS 17 FEET  
LONG.  
TRUE ☐ FALSE ☐



3. THE AVERAGE  
WOMAN IN THE  
UNITED STATES  
IS 5 FEET  
3 1/2 INCHES  
TALL.  
TRUE ☐ FALSE ☐



4. ONE AVERAGE POUND OF SUGAR  
CONTAINS 2,260,000 GRAINS.  
TRUE ☐ FALSE ☐



5. THE CHICAGO HOCKEY TEAM IS  
CALLED THE BLACK HAWKS.  
TRUE ☐ FALSE ☐



1 TRUE 2 FALSE 3 TRUE 4 TRUE 5 TRUE

THE CASE OF THE  
KILLER CAT!

DR. SHELL HARNETT'S  
**Adventures of  
SAM SPADE**

LISTEN TO: "The Adventures of Sam Spade"  
every Sunday evening on your Columbia (CBS)  
station. See ads... bring in your local newspaper.

WITH HIS  
BACK TO  
THE LIONS...  
ORLO FAILS  
TO SEE  
THEM  
BECOMING  
UNEASY  
...THEN...



YOU'RE RIGHT, SWEETHEART!  
BET SOMEBODY PUT SOME  
THING IN THIS BOTTLE  
TO GET THOSE CATS  
EXCITED!

THAT DOESN'T  
SMELL LIKE  
WILDROOT  
CREAM-OIL,  
SAM!



TAKE IT FROM SAM SPADE--  
IF YOU WANT TO REALLY  
LOOK YOUR BEST, USE WILD-  
ROOT CREAM-OIL ON YOUR  
HAIR. IT GIVES YOUR HAIR  
THAT HEALTHY WELL OILCOINED  
LOOK. GET IT TODAY, IN  
BOTTLES AND HANDY NEW  
TUBES.



OH, NO  
YOU DON'T!

HUH?! I THOUGHT THIS  
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL  
BOTTLE WAS ALMOST  
EMPTY THIS  
MORNING!



LATER: THE POLICE SAY ORLO'S DEATH WAS  
ACCIDENTAL... BUT MRS. ORLO HAS CALLED  
SAM SPADE TO INVESTIGATE FURTHER...

WHAT WAS THIS BOTTLE  
OF WILDROOT CREAM-OIL  
DOING IN THE CASE,  
MRS. ORLO?

IT WAS PART OF ORLO'S  
ACT, MR. SPADE, BUT  
WAIT--THIS BOTTLE'S  
ALMOST FULL! IT WAS  
ALMOST EMPTY THIS  
MORNING!



I KNOW WHAT'S IN THIS BOTTLE--CATNIP!  
ONE GOOD WHIFF WILL PUT A LION IN A  
FRENZY. THOSE CATS  
ATTACKED ORLO TO  
GET THIS BOTTLE



SAM, THAT MAN IS  
TRYING TO OPEN THAT  
CAGE BEHIND YOU

WHY, IT'S THE  
LION TAMER  
THAT HAD THE  
ACT BEFORE  
THEY HIRED  
ORLO!

PROBABLY FIGURED HE'D GET HIS  
OLD JOB BACK BY GETTING US  
TO KILL YOUR HUSBAND. CALL  
THE POLICE, EFFIE--THEY'LL GET  
A CONFESSION OUT OF HIM!



# WHITEY WHISKERS AND DANIEL BOONE, JR.

'HOOK,  
LINE and  
SINKER'

WHERE ARE YOU  
GOING, WHITEY  
WHISKERS?

FISHIN',  
DANIEL BOONE, JR.



I DIDN'T  
KNOW YOU  
FISHED.

DIDN'T KNOW  
AH FISHED?  
WHY SON, YUH'RE  
LOOKIN' AT THE  
GREATEST FISHER-  
MAN IN THE  
WORLD!



YOU?

THAT'S RIGHT!  
WHY, EVEN THE  
FISH KNOW  
ALL ABOUT  
ME!









YUH SAID IT! BUT ONE TIME...

GOLLY! NO WONDER THE FISH ARE AFRAID OF YOU!



\*...THE FISH DECIDED TUH DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT ME...

FELLOW FISH, WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT WHITEY WHISKERS! HE'S A MENACE TO ALL OUR LIVES!

THAT'S RIGHT! WE'VE GOT TO BAND TOGETHER AND PUT AN END TO HIM BEFORE HE PUTS AN END TO US!



HERE'S WHAT I SUGGEST! WE HAVE A REPORT THAT WHITEY WHISKERS IS COMING OUT TO FISH TOMORROW! I PROPOSE THAT WE....



\*AND THE NEXT DAY WHEN AH WUZ OUT FISHIN' AH FOUND OUT WHUT THEIR PLAN WUZ....

(GULP!) A SWARM OF SWORDFISH! AND THEY'RE COMIN' RIGHT AT ME!



THEY'RE SPLITTIN' MUH BOAT IN HALF!



AH'D BETTER GRAB AN OAR AND MUH FISHIN' NET BEFORE THE BOAT SINKS COMPLETELY!



\*AND AS SOON AS THE SWORDFISH FINISHED OFF MUH BOAT....

(GULP!) NOW THEY'RE COMIN' AFTER ME!

\* BUT AH'M NOT THE GREATEST FISHERMAN IN THE WORLD FER NUTH!



\* AND AS AH KNOCKED THEM IN THE AIR...

THAR! THAT TAKES CARE OF YUH FELLERS!

WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN WE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE!

THERE'S NO USE DENYING IT... WHITEY WHISKERS IS THE GREATEST FISHERMAN IN THE WORLD!

WELL, IF YOU'RE SO GOOD, LET'S SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO NOW!

SURE, SON, JEST WATCH ME!



HUH?



HA, HA! SOME FISHERMAN! THROWS HIMSELF IN THE WATER!



AS A FISHERMAN, WHITEY WHISKERS, YOU REMIND ME OF A FISH... YOU SMELT!

HARUMPH! HARUMPH!



# HOPALONG CASSIDY

in MESQUITE'S MISADVENTURE

Starring  
WILLIAM  
BOYD

ADMISSION TO THE LAW AND ORDER CLUB IS THE AMBITION OF EVERY SHERIFF AND DEPUTY IN THE WEST. WHEN MESQUITE GETS AN INVITATION TO JOIN THE CLUB AT ITS MEETING PLACE IN THE HILLS, HE DOESN'T KNOW HE'S A "GUEST" IN THE HEART OF INDIAN TERRITORY!

AT THE TWIN RIVER JAILHOUSE

YIPPEE! I'VE JUST BEEN INVITED TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE FAMOUS LAW AND ORDER CLUB!

LAW AND ORDER CLUB? WHAT'S THAT?

WHY THAT'S THE FAMOUS CLUB MADE UP OF THE BEST SHERIFFS AND DEPUTIES IN THE WHOLE WEST!

WHO'S IN IT?



# HOPALONG CASSIDY

I DONT KNOW! THEY  
KEEP THE MEMBERSHIP  
A SECRET! NOBODY  
KNOWS WHO'S A MEMBER,  
----EXCEPT THE OTHER  
MEMBERS!

TOO BAD THEY  
DIDNT INVITE YUH  
TUH BECOME  
A MEMBER,  
TOO, HOPALONG!  
BUT WHEN I GIT  
IN, I'LL SEE IF I  
KIN GIT YUH IN-  
VITED TUH JOIN  
THE LAW AND  
ORDER CLUB!

GEE,  
THAT'S  
SWELL  
OF YOU,  
HEMLOCK!

I RECKON I'D BETTER  
START NOW! I HAVE TUH  
MEET THE REST OF THE  
MEMBERS AT WILLOW  
CREEK AT MIDNIGHT!  
AFERE THEY ACCEPT  
ME AS A MEMBER, I  
HAVE TUH PROVE MUH  
BRAVERY!

GOOD LUCK,  
HEMLOCK! WHILE  
YOU'RE OUT HAVING  
FUN, I'LL HAVE TO  
BE ON THE LOOK-  
OUT FOR SOME  
WILD REDSKINS  
WHOVE GONE ON  
THE RAMPAGE!

THAT NIGHT---

I SHOULD  
BE AT WILLOW  
CREEK SOON!

BUT SUDDENLY---

INJUNS! (GULP)  
THEY MUST BE  
THOSE WILD REDSKINS  
HOPALONG  
MENTIONED! THAR ARE TOO MANY FOR  
ME! I'D BETTER TURN AROUND!

GOSH ALL, HEMLOCK!  
THEM INJUNS GOT ME  
SURROUNDED!

# HOPALONG CASSIDY











WINT'S THIS ---THET  
TOMAHAWK WUZ MADE  
OF A WAXED PAPER AND IT  
WUZ FILLED WITH WATER!



THIS WUZ YORE  
INITIATION INTO THE  
LAW AND ORDER  
CLUB, MESQUITE!

BUT THEM  
OTHER  
TOMAHAWKS--  
THEY WERE  
REAL! THEY  
COULDE KILLED  
ME!



THEY COULD HAVE ---BUT NOT WITH  
THET CIRCUS TEAM TOSSIN' 'EM! THEY  
MAKE A LIVIN' MISSIN' PEOPLE WITH  
KNIVES AND TOMAHAWKS!



I RECKON NOW THET I ACTED SO  
COWARDLY YUH WON'T LET ME BE A  
MEMBER OF THE LAW  
AND ORDER CLUB!

TUH THE  
CONTRARY! YUH  
ACTED JUST LIKE EVERY-  
ONE ELSE DID WHEN THEY  
WUZ INITIATED! THET IS,  
EVERYONE EXCEPT ONE  
MEMBER, WHO FOUGHT HIS  
WAY OUTTA THIS TRAP!



AS A MATTER OF FACT  
HE'S THE MAN WHO  
SUGGESTED THET WE  
MAKE YUH A MEMBER!  
IT'S OUR PRESIDENT---



--HOPALONG  
CASSIDY!

HOPALONG  
CASSIDY!  
(GULP)



ON BEHALF  
OF THE LAW  
AND ORDER  
CLUB, I'D  
LIKE TO  
WELCOME  
YOU AS  
A NEW  
MEMBER!

GOSH,  
HOPALONG,  
I SHOULDVE  
KNOWN THET  
IF THE LAW  
AND ORDER  
CLUB ASKED  
ME TUH JOIN,  
YUH WOULDVE  
BN IN A LONG  
TIME AGO!



POWERFUL—ACCURATE—FUN—INDOORS—OUTDOORS—SUMMER—WINTER—TARGET SHOOTING—HUNTING

**3  
IN 1**

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I'VE BEEN READING SOME PRETTY UPSETTING THINGS IN THE NEWSPAPER LATELY ABOUT ACCIDENTS THAT COULD EASILY HAVE BEEN AVOIDED. LET'S GO ON A SAFETY CAMPAIGN, COWHANDS, AND DO OUR BIT TO CUT DOWN THE ACCIDENT RATE.

IT ONLY TAKES A FEW MORE STEPS TO WALK TO THE CORNER INSTEAD OF CROSSING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE TRAIL WHEN GOING TO OR FROM SCHOOL.



AT MOST SCHOOL CROSSINGS, THERE'S A FOREMAN WHO'LL HELP YOU ACROSS SAFELY. LOOK BOTH WAYS WHEN YOU CROSS ANY STREET AND BE SURE LITTLE BROTHER OR SISTER NEVER CROSSES ALONE. WAIT FOR SIGNALS BEFORE STEPPING OFF THE CURB.

RIDE SAFELY ON YOUR BICYCLES AND IF YOU HAVE TO RIDE THEM AT NIGHT, MAKE CERTAIN YOU HAVE LIGHTS. IF I HAD TO RIDE TOPPER IN THE BIG CITY, I GUESS I'D HAVE TO HAVE A TAIL LIGHT ON HIM.

LOTS OF TENDERFEET HAVE HAD ACCIDENTS, TOO, BY TAKING HOLD OF TRUCKS WHILE RIDING BICYCLES OR BY HOPPING ON AUTOMOBILE RUNNING BOARDS. THERE ARE MANY MORE WAYS OF AVOIDING ACCIDENTS, COWHANDS, SO DON'T BE A TENDERFOOT. OBEY ALL SAFETY RULES!

WILLIAM "HOPALONG CASSIDY" BOYD'S LATEST FILMS ARE: "SINISTER JOURNEY", "FALSE PARADISE" AND "STRANGE GAMBLE"!



HOPALONG CASSIDY

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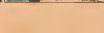
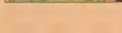
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# PISTOL PACKIN' PATTIE TOO BAD!





# THE SHOT FROM THE ROOF

By Westbrook Wilson

**S**LIM HOLT stood with his back to the bar. His elbows rested on the bar and the heel of his left boot was hooked over the brass bar rail. In his hand he held a plain soda which he sipped.

That was all Slim ever drank. Sometimes the boys would urge him to have something stronger, but Slim always laughed and said, "Nope! My pappy told me that if I never took a drink of whiskey till I was 31, he'd buy me one of those there three-wheeled tricycles."

Slim was watching a poker game in progress at the round table. Some of the miners had come to town with gold and some of the sharpies were trying to take it away from them.

A man in a black hat said he'd raise. "Pass," said the next man. "By me," said the next. But a miner with a missing tooth bellowed, "Raise you right back!" An ace slipped out of his sleeve so fast that only the keenest eyes could have seen it. But the man in the black hat had keen eyes. So did somebody else.

Black Hat whipped out a gun and aimed it at Missing Tooth. The latter, apparently keyed for just such an emergency, also flipped a pistol from his holster.

Two shots rang out, so close together they sounded like one.

Two pistols clattered across the floor.

And Slim Holt stood at the bar with a smoking six gun in each hand.

For a moment there was dead silence.

Then the man in the black hat spoke in a rather whining voice. "You had no call to shoot my gun out of my hand. He was cheating. He had an ace up his sleeve."

"True," agreed Slim. "I saw it."

"Well," whined Black Hat, "out here in these parts we shoot cheaters."

"True," agreed Slim.

"But you shot my gun out of my hand," whined Black Hat.

"True," said Slim. "You were cheating, too!"

"Them's fightin' words!" howled Black Hat, his hand instinctively going for his holster, then returning as he realized with embarrassment that the holster was empty.

"Not when I can prove it," said Slim. In three steps he was away from the bar. With his left hand he gripped the back of Black Hat's collar. With his right he ripped open the poker player's shirt front. Five extra cards, cleverly concealed in inside pockets, were revealed.

The other players gasped in amazement.

Slim lifted Black Hat with one hand and shoved him toward the door. "Now git, both of you," he ordered.

Missing Tooth ran out. Black Hat whined, "But my chips," and started to reach. Slim slapped his hand away. "That's your donation to the new school house," he said. Black Hat departed, vowing vengeance.

"**Y**UH know," said the barkeep, swirling a towel over a wet spot. "you hadn't ought to done that, Slim. You shoulda let them varmints shoot each other. It'd a been good riddance of bad rubbidge."

"Mebbe so," Slim reflected. "Still, I hate to see a nice, friendly poker game end in a killin'."

"Nice friendly game?" exclaimed the barkeep.

"Well," said Slim, "it seemed friendly, up to a point. An' you gotta admit it's friendly now."

Slim waved his hand toward the table where five players had resumed the game. If they were all a little nervous and making mistakes it was because each had only one eye on his cards and the other on Slim. Nobody was cheating!

The barkeep held up a glass and squinted at it in the light to see if it was clean. Then he put it on a shelf and addressed

Slim. "You know," he said, "for a fella that can shoot like you, it's funny you ain't got any notches in your guns. Don't you believe in keeping track?"

"Oh, I admit I can shoot pretty good," said Slim, "but I've got no right to notches. I ain't never killed a man."

"You ain't?" exclaimed the barkeep.

His astonishment was genuine. He believed it. Slim was the kind of man who doesn't lie. But it was still hard to believe.

He was silent and thoughtful for a moment, then he spoke. "Well, you'll have to kill one now. That fellow in the black hat. That's Spider Snel. If you don't kill him, he'll kill you. He'll dry gulch you. You're a menace to his business. And," added the barkeep, "when you kill him, you'll be doin' the whole town a service."

"Sorry," said Slim, "but I ain't aimin' to kill him."

"It's your funeral then," said the barkeep.

"Mebbe so," said Slim.

**W**HEN Spider Snel left the cafe he was seething with rage. He took off his black hat and hurled it onto the board sidewalk. He jumped on it with both his spurred boots. Then he picked it up and jammed it back on his head. He was angry as a bull. He had been humiliated. His gun had been shot out of his hand. He had been exposed as a cheater. He had been thrown out unceremoniously. He was resolved to get Slim Holt at all cost.

His anger left him, to be replaced by rodent cunning. He went to his horse by the hitch rail and unstrapped his rifle. He looked to right and left. Nobody was in sight. He crossed the street, moved silently between two buildings, walked cautiously up the outside back stairs behind the general store. From the balcony railing he was easily able to swing himself up onto the roof. He moved to the front and seated himself beside the chimney. He lowered the rifle and drew a bead on the cafe entrance across the street.

Then he relaxed and waited. When Slim Holt came out of the cafe, Spider Snel would be ready to mow him down.

Slim Holt threw a coin on the bar to pay for his plain soda.

"So long," he said.

"Good-by," said the barkeeper.

Slim pushed open the swinging doors.

A sharp, explosive crack sounded from across the street.

Slim plunged to the board sidewalk.

The barkeep rushed through the swinging doors, apron flying. "Slim! Slim!" he cried. "He got you!"

Slim, sprawled on the walk, said, "No, he missed me. But what I can't understand is why he only fired once."

A voice from the roof of the general store across the street called, "That's because I hit him on the head. He's out cold."

Slim got up and looked up into the face of the miner with the missing tooth, who was looking down over the edge of the roof. The miner grinned. It was not an unpleasant grin, despite the missing tooth.

"Surprised, eh?" he said. "Well, you saved my life once, so I figured I owed you the same. I knew this scoundrel in the black hat would be laying for you. So I quietly followed him up here and when he started to shoot I sort of jarred him. That threw him aim off and, in fact, rendered him plumb unconscious."

Slim looked quizzically at the miner with the missing tooth.

The latter said, "Y'see, I ain't a habitual cheater. I'm really in favor of fair play, just like you. I only done it in that game to protect my pile. But that rat had the drop on me an' he'd of finished me off but for you. That's why I whacked him just now."

"Thanks," said Slim.

**T**HE barkeep shook his head from side to side. "Slim," he said, "you lead a charmed life. I think you may live to collect that three-wheeled tricycle after all!"

THE END



# HOME ON THE RANGE

WHOPPEE!

I'M HITTIN' THE TRAIL!

THE COWBOY WEARS A BIG SOMBRERO TO PROTECT HIS HEAD FROM THE SUN, RAIN OR SNOW. SOMETIMES, HE USES IT AS A WHIP.

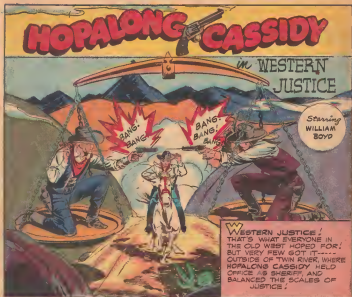
THE COWBOY'S "THIRTY YEARS' GATHERN" MEANS ALL HIS EARTHLY POSSESSIONS. IT INCLUDES HIS BED, A SACK FILLED WITH TOBACCO, SOCKS, CIGARETTE PAPERS, STRIPS OF BUCKSKINS, A PICTURE OR TWO AND LETTERS. HIS SHIRT AND UNDERWEAR ARE KEPT BETWEEN THE QUILTS OF HIS BED.

A COWBOY WEARS GLOVES IN SUMMER TO PROTECT HIS HANDS FROM ROPE BURNS.

CALFSKIN CHAPS PROTECT THE COWBOY'S BODY AGAINST BRANCHES, THORNS, BRIARS AND CACTUS.

COWBOYS WEAR NARROW BOOTS SO THEY'LL EASILY SLIP INTO AND OUT OF THE STIRRUPS. HIGH HEELS ENABLE THEM TO DIG INTO THE GROUND WHILE THROWING A STEER OR ROPING A HORSE.

THE LARGE HANDKERCHIEF WORN BY A COWBOY KEEPS THE SUN'S RAYS OFF HIS NECK IN SUMMER, AND IN WINTER HE PULLS IT OVER HIS FACE AS HE RIDES INTO COLD WINDS.



**W**ESTERN JUSTICE!  
THAT'S WHAT EVERYONE IN  
THE OLD WEST HOPED FOR!  
BUT VERY FEW GOT IT-----  
OUTSIDE OF TWIN RIVER, WHERE  
HOPALONG CASSIDY HELD  
OFFICE AS SHERIFF, AND  
BALANCED THE SCALES OF  
JUSTICE!

AT BIKE KESLER'S RANCH---

YUH'RE A SICK MAN,  
BIKE! YUH'VE GOT TUH  
STOP TRYIN' TUH RUN  
THIS RANCH ALONE---  
UNLESS YUH'RE TRYIN'  
TUH MAKE AN ORPHAN  
OF YORE SON,  
RANDY, HYAR!

BUT I CAN'T  
AFFORD A  
HIRED HAND,  
DOC! I LENT  
ALL MUH  
MONEY TUH  
MUH STEPBROTHER,  
STEVE, AND HE AIN'T  
PAID ME BACK YET!

'TAIN'T NONE OF MUH  
BUSINESS, BIKE, BUT  
YORE STEPBROTHER,  
STEVE, AIN'T NO GOOD!  
IF I WUZ YUH, I'D MAKE  
HIM RETURN ALL MUH  
MONEY AFORE HE  
GAMBLERD ALL OF  
IT AWAY!

I OPINE  
YUH'RE RIGHT,  
DOC! I'LL GIT  
DRESSED AND  
GO TUH  
TOWN TUM  
SEE IF I KIN  
FIND HIM!







YOU'D BETTER GO HOME  
AND COOL OFF, BIKER!



LATER---  
WHAR  
ARE YUH  
GON'   
NOW,  
POP?

STEVE SHOULD  
BE HOME BY  
NOW, RANDY! I'M  
GON' TUH PAY HIM  
ANOTHER VISIT!  
MEbbe I KN  
REASON HIM INTO  
GIVIN' ME THE MONEY.



C'MON ALONG,  
SON!



SHORTLY AFTER....

I'M SITTIN' TIRED OF YORE  
PESTERIN' ME FOR THET  
MONEY, BIKER---VERY  
TIRED!



THIS IS THE BEST  
WAY I KNOW TUH  
GIT RID OF A PEST!

(GULP!) HE  
SHOT PAW! I'D  
BETTER GIT  
HOPALONGS!

BANG!



AND IN A SHORT WHILE---

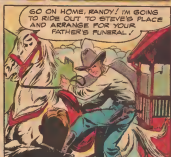
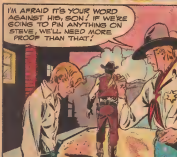
---(SOB) AND  
THEN HE SHOT  
PAW!

C'MON WITH ME,  
RANDY! I'M GOING TO  
LOCK UP STEVE!



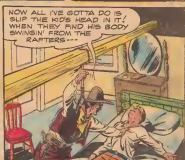
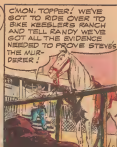
LOOK, HOPALONGS---  
THAR HE IS NOW!

HOLD ON THERE,  
STEVE!

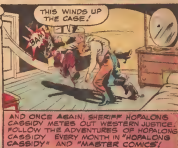




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# HOPALONG CASSIDY



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POOPED, EH? IF THEY ONLY KNEW THE TIP JIM WISE GAVE ME.

HEY! THERE ARE SOME MEN UP AT THE DESERTED CABIN!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

QUIET NOW, FELLOWS.

WE'LL HIDE THE LOOT HERE UNTIL THE COAST IS CLEAR!



PEE WEE, RUN DOWN AND GET THE STATE POLICE...

HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT... LET ME GO!

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HEY, PEE DE KID... GET HIM!



AFTER HIM, QUICK!

BANG



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IN THE EXCITEMENT, ONE OF THE ROBBERS ESCAPES WITH THE MONEY...



OUR MEN PICKED UP NUMBER THREE. THANKS TO YOUR SPEED, PEE WEE!


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